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## POETRY.

## SILVERED TALE.

### TULIMA.

The *Exeter News Letter* copies the following excellent and seasonable advice to scholars from an exchange paper, accompanied with the remark that it appeared many years ago in one of the city papers, at from whose pen is not stated. This article was originally published in the *Exeter News Letter* in 1832. It was from the pen of a very worthy and respectable gentleman now residing in this city, whose name we could give, if we chose:

### HOW TO KEEP WARM IN A COLD NIGHT.

Reader:—In winter's storm and thorn in bed, Hast ever said—  
"Good gracious! I shall freeze!"  
My knees, my toes, my back, my toes,  
My toes, my toes,  
And then in great distress by frost,  
Hath thou,  
Like mighty Fustian, who of old,  
Thou'dst let me tell thee how to warm  
The chilling blood throughout thy form.  
If thou art a man and sleep'st alone,  
Then be it known,  
That if thou art cold,  
And feel the cold,  
Or even young and tender,  
The way to render  
A cold night comfortable,  
Is not the thing:  
But rub thyself with cloth and crash—  
Don't think it rash,  
For I know  
It is not so,  
But gives a glow  
From head to toe.  
Then jump between cold linen sheets,  
Thou'lt soon be 'customed to such feats;  
Next roll thyself (in this there's a knack),  
On one side and the other, till thou'lt find  
Fits well the covering.  
Like wings of hen or chicken hovering;  
This in most cases keeps one warm.  
From nine at night till next day's dawn,  
But, should a case occur, because  
Thou'lt go to bed without thy drawers,  
That thou art like to freeze  
For want of dannel 'bout thy knees,  
Then take them in, although 'taint right  
To wear thy dannel drawers at night.

## RECIPIES.

**FOR MAKING BACHELOR'S CAKE.**—Take a half cup of butter; three cups sugar; four eggs; one teaspoonful of cloves, ground; one cup of milk; warm; one teaspoonful of soda; mix with gentleness and affection and it will surely please.

**TO PRESERVE EGGS.**—Put them in a bowl with bran, to prevent their breaking; and hermetically seal the jar; put in a vessel of water heated to two hundred degrees Fahrenheit, or twelve degrees under boiling. The vessel with water being taken from the fire, the water must cool till the finger may be borne in it; remove the eggs. They may then be taken out and kept for six months.

**TO CURE A GOLD CHAIN.**—Dissolve ounces of sal ammoniac in six ounces water, and boil the article in it; then for a few minutes in a quart of water, with two ounces of soft soap; wash after in cold water, rub dry, and shake the chain for some time in a bag with dry sand.

**SCARS AND BURNS** should be very sparingly given to canaries; but they suffer from sudden changes in temperature in most people are aware of, and should be shaded from the intense heat of the sun, well as never be hung in a current of air.

**TO TAKE FRESH PAINT OUT OF A WALL.**—Take immediately a piece of cloth, and rub the wrong side of it on the paint. If no other cloth is at hand, part of the inside of the coat-skirt will do. This simple application will generally remove the paint when quite fresh. Otherwise, use some other on the spot with your finger.

**CHICKEN CEMENT.**—Dissolve shellac in enough rectified spirits to make it the consistency of molasses. Used to mend glass, china, or fancy wooden ornaments.

**THE WARMTH** of the hands in working embroidery may be obviated by washing them in hot water with a good deal of salt in it. Use a silvery tumbler.

**IMITATION OF PRESERVED GINGER.**—Prepare some very young carrots of a yellow color; wash, scrape, and cut them in halves, and then cut in the shape of the cloves of West India preserved ginger; parboil carefully, not to allow them to break or lose their shape; drain well from water and lay them on the back of a sieve all night. Next day weigh them out, and put them into a jar with their own weight of syrup, and let it simmer gently, over a low fire, for four hours. Fill the preserve pots, taking care to distribute the vegetables and the liquor in fair proportions. Tie down with bladder, and let the jars stand on the hob for a couple of days. This preserve improves by keeping.

**TO WASH A FEATHER.**—Pass through a strong and hot solution of white soap; then in tepid, then in cold water; then in weak sulphur vapor, and placing it near the fire, pick out every part with a needle, frequently shaking it.

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Our story begins where the most approved novelists usually leave off—at the bridal altar. For it oftentimes happens, that not until the loved and cherished one becomes a wife, and steps forth from the shelter and security of her father's roof, and assumes some of the responsibilities of life, that the real character begins to unfold itself, and puts forth those latent energies which are henceforth to be exercised either for the joy or the happiness of all who come within their influence.

When Imogen Carlton first received the congratulations of an admiring crowd as the bride of Walter Howard, she was little more than a beautiful child, who had grown up like a green-house plant, sheltered from every blast, and accustomed to hear her lightest word received with deference and admiration, and a stranger to all those vicissitudes and disappointments which make so large a portion in the sum total of all our lives. It is true she had lost both father and mother, before she was old enough to be sensible of the misfortune, but as she laid claim to a goodly inheritance, and was in charge of guardians who honestly meant to perform their duty, she knew little of care or sorrow.

In placing Imogen at a fashionable school, and supplying all her wants, her guardians believed they discharged their trust faithfully and honorably, and that nothing more was required. It was a natural consequence, then, that, missing the care of judicious parents, and left much to her own choice of occupations and studies, that her education was of the most superficial kind, and her acquisitions were much more likely to entangle the admiration of a lover, than to secure the comfort and respect of a husband.

She had produced many articles of showy worsted work, and of embroidery on satin and canvas. She played on several instruments of music, and if her performance was not artistic, she was nevertheless sure of eliciting much applause; for who would criticize the movements of such fingers, or the tones of a voice so soft and sweet as hers? A good deal of her leisure time was spent in painting, and her master sitting patiently by while her master finished some admirable pieces could constitute an artist. She was called amiable; she could scarcely be otherwise, when every caprice was indulged, and every wish gratified. Lastly, in person she was, as the phrase goes, faultless; that is, fair and delicate, with deep, dark, laughing eyes, and a profusion of fine, silky hair, which she had the good taste to wear in its natural richness, falling over her fair neck and shoulders.

We have been thus particular in enumerating her stock of attractions, because they constituted nearly the entire sum of those endowments of mind and person on which Walter Howard calculated for a long and happy life. No wonder, then, that the young man, who looked on all things beautiful with a poet's eye, should fancy he loved such a bright and innocent creature; for innocent she was, as ignorant of the real purposes and business of life. Neither of them ever doubted but theirs was a real "love match," and that it would bring to both all the happiness that this earth can bestow. Why should it not, with love, youth, and a competence of worldly goods?

There was the usual amount of white satin, lace, and millinery. There was the superb wedding-cake, and the dresses, and the bridal tour, and the parties, and calls, all full of excitement and novelty. But these could not last always, and in less than three months both began to experience weariness and ennui. When Imogen sung or played, her husband began to discover faults in her performance which had never struck him before; he ventured to criticize; his wife felt hurt, and ceased to play; he complained that now she was his wife, she did not try to interest him. Her pretty little knicnacs, that had cost her months of labor, he thoughtlessly treated with contempt. Her birds, and animals, and flowers were all "monstrousities, not worth the place they occupied." In the like manner, all of Imogen's accomplishments, when weighed in a husband's balance, were found worthless. She began to wish he had discovered her deficiencies before.

Mr. Howard had come to feel the want of a rational companion, who could appreciate his own acquisitions, who could find an interest in his pursuits, and who could converse with him on something beyond dress and fashion, parties and amusements. Had he, with all his endowments, understood more of the philosophy of mind, he would have seen in that of his wife a rich field of cultivation; and instead of sneering at its barrenness, and thus goading and wounding her spirit, he would have discovered that a little care, judiciously bestowed, would produce an abundant harvest. He had been dazzled with a few gaudy flowers; he expected they must bear pleasant fruit, as a matter of course; yet, when he found only worthless weeds in their stead, he never thought of gently removing them, and sowing in their place wholesome plants.

Before a year had gone by, Imogen

was entirely unhappy. She was the nominal mistress of an expensive establishment, but she knew nothing of practical house-keeping; and, in spite of her efforts, waste and disorder were too apparent, and she saw she was the dupe of dishonest and unfaithful servants, without knowing how to free herself from their impositions. There was a constant call for money; she knew their expenditure was enormous, but yet nothing was quite comfortable, or as it should be. She spoke of her trials to Walter, and he more than intimated it was all her own fault, declaring nothing was easier to remedy, if she would but make the effort. He was not what some would term a harsh or ill-tempered man, but he had expected little and useful accomplishments to come as things of course, a sort of natural instinct, never stopping to inquire but the butterfly of the drawingroom could, without previous discipline or instruction, merge at once into the graceful, judicious, and intelligent head of a householder.

Imogen felt hurt and miserable. She had been told for the first time of faults and deficiencies by one who, a few months previous, had worshipped her as a divinity, and who could never tire of praising her wit and her personal attractions. This was a severe lesson; but she had yet a severer one to learn. She grew silent and thoughtful, and her eyes were often red with weeping; and this, instead of exciting his sympathies, drove her husband more and more from her, complaining she was sullen and unsocial. Imogen saw Walter attracted and fascinated by ladies of greater conversational power than her own, and she was in proportion neglected, or treated as an intruder.

Mr. Howard was one of those brilliant, but somewhat eccentric men, who, of all others, needed the influence of a well-balanced mind in his wife—one who, while she interested, could command and return his respect. His wife saw and felt all this, and, with the quick and keen perception of mortified pride, she knew she was regarded only as a spoiled, or at best a playful child; and even when she knew her judgment was right, she saw it set aside as unworthy of consideration.

The world in which they lived, there were others more ready than her husband to appreciate her personal attractions; and while Walter suffered his admiration and attentions to be engrossed by newer fancies, there were practiced eyes too ready to perceive his neglect, and to take advantage of his inattention. But whoever looked into those deep and intellectual eyes, and scanned the lineaments of that now thoughtful face, could easily perceive, that if the powers of her mind had been misdirected, or suffered to run to waste, that energy, decision, and soul were there, which would not always be in inactivity, or be scorned and trampled upon.

It was after an evening spent at a gay party, where, occupied with a sort of flirtation with a sprightly authoress, Mr. Howard had left his pretty young wife to find amusement as best she could, and where she had been particularly annoyed by the impertinence of an empty coxcomb, that Imogen finally decided on a measure which had been for some time maturing in her mind. She confided her plans to two persons only, an elderly clergyman and his wife, whom she had known in her childhood. Mr. Howard, she knew, was engaged to go on an excursion, which would detain him several days. He had neither consulted her, nor invited her to be of the party; but she knew of those who were to be, whose influence she felt, to say the least, was not favorable to their domestic contentment. When Walter returned, his wife had disappeared, and with her, every trace that she had ever been there, save one little exquisite picture. It was Imogen in her bridal dress. But in his now desolate and silent room he found a brief epistle, which he recognized at once to be from his wife. It was to this import:

"A few months' experience has taught me that in forming a connection which we believed would last for life, we were totally ignorant of each other and of ourselves. Would to Heaven I had learned my deficiencies before it was too late to remedy them, except by a step which will seem to you unadvised and childish. I now relinquish my position as your wife, and shall never return to claim it unless I feel that I am qualified to be your companion and friend, and to fulfill those duties which, as your wife, would devolve upon me. Farewell! may every blessing be yours; and if at the expiration of a year you do not hear from me, consider yourself free to make a more congenial choice."

"Imogen." Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the deserted husband he would have been less astonished or startled than at this announcement. He questioned the servants, but all he could learn was, that three days before, she had gone away alone in a hackney-coach, taking her trunk and baggage, as they supposed to join her husband. Remote, anger, jealousy, love, by turns, held dominion in Howard's mind during the long, sleepless night that he paced the silent room, while ever that young face

and those deep eyes seemed to look down reproachfully upon him.

Next day he sought in vain to gain some clue to her flight, or the probable place of her destination, but he could gain no intelligence; and he forced himself to believe that, in a fit of pique or jealousy, she had gone away, and that with characteristic childishness she would soon return. Acting upon this supposition, he made little inquiry, and dismissing all but one confidential servant, he waited impatiently for some further tidings; but as week followed week, and still, bearing no message or token, he began to realize that he was indeed left alone, and he was forced to admire that decision which could plan and execute with deadliness of purpose. The whole history of his married life rose up before him, mingled with tender regrets and self-reproach, that he had neglected and harassed one who had the strongest claim upon his sympathy, love and protection. A year passed by, and nearly another, and no tidings of the lost one, so that he had nearly ceased to hope for her return. He became studious, thoughtful, and accustomed to commune with his own heart, and he felt how differently now he should regard his position as a husband and the head of a household.

We have already said Walter was a poet, and with a poet's keen appreciation he regarded whatever was truly grand or beautiful. About this time a new star, under the name of Tulima, had risen in the literary horizon. The name of Tulima was on every tongue; but who was she, that had burst upon the public with a sudden blaze, leading captive all hearts, but like the sweet songster of night, keeping herself invisible? This was a question often asked, and as often unanswered. Mr. Howard was an earnest admirer of her productions, which, for beauty, pathos, and richness of thought, seemed to exceed all he had before conceived of poetry. Several pieces so depicted his own case and feeling he was ready to fancy they were addressed to himself; but the oft-repeated question, "Who is Tulima?" remained unanswered.

At length a friend promised him an introduction to the lady, whom he was not quite certain to appreciate her personal attractions; and full of eager curiosity, Walter was punctuated to the appointment. But why did he start and tremble as they first met? Was Walter surprised at the radiant beauty of the gifted being before him, or did she stir strange memories within him? But no! the tremor and the blush had passed; it was but a passing fancy, and they entered at once into an animated and sprightly conversation. Yes, he was sure it was Tulima; but if her poetry had delighted him, her manners and conversation charmed him still more. So gifted and yet so unassuming—so sensible and yet so modest—Walter listened like one spell-bound to the tones of her voice, and to ideas that seemed to flash and sparkle as they fell from her lips, until his stay was prolonged for hours. Their acquaintance was soon ripened into intimacy, and which intimacy, by a very natural transition, soon took the form of a deep and mutual attachment. Yet, could he, ought he, to seek the favor of an innocent confiding girl, and to win her affections as a single man? Two years had now rolled by, and by Imogen's own promise he was now free. And yet, was not this Love's causticity? Had the experience and discipline of the past two years been lost upon him? No, he would tell her all, and she should decide his fate.

It was at the close of a pleasant summer day, when the deepening twilight steals with a softening influence upon the night, that Walter related to his friend his former history. His love for Imogen, his neglect, and her desertion. He spoke of her respectfully and tenderly, but as one whom he should never behold again.

"At first," said he, "I was struck with the resemblance; so like, and yet not like you, was my young and neglected wife. And now I leave with you to decide my fate."

A deep emotion came over Tulima, and she begged him, with a faltering voice, to leave her then, but at the end of three days to meet her at ten in the morning, when he should learn her decision. Full of contending emotions, Walter awaited the appointed time, when, punctual to a minute, he appeared, and was ushered into the drawing-room of his friend's house; but it seemed rather a reception-day than a time for a private interview. And there she stands, leaning against a pillar of that curiously carved, and in the same attitude; but, oh, joyful surprise, Imogen and Tulima are the same! When the excitement of this joyful recognition had subsided, at a sign from Tulima, the old clergyman came forward, and making a sign for silence, he remarked that on him devolved the task of explanation.

"I was not slow to perceive that the first union of these young people promised little of happiness; yet, captivated by mere external grace, ardent and inexperienced as they were, I knew the admonitions of an old man would be unheeded, and I saw with regret this dear child of an old friend

losing her cheerfulness, and I feared the love of her husband, and I felt only too sure the natural energy of her character would vindicate itself, but I feared too late for any good result. I should never have dared to suggest the measure she took; but when she confided her plan I saw it was her only hope of redemption from the waste of a misdirected education, and the thralldom of a weary and profitless future. I knew, with all the cares and interruptions she would experience as a wife, she would find little time for self-improvement, and the little progress she made, with whatever of self-denial and toil, would hardly be appreciated by her husband, who would ever regard her as of inferior endowments. I considered, too, a little punishment, a little self-examination, would not be an injury to my young friend here. So, as the best thing I could do, I wrote to an excellent old friend in England to place a female friend, under the best possible advantages, for a thorough and useful education; and, having found a suitable matron to attend her, she went thither when she left her husband's roof. The rest of the arrangements were of her own planning, for, doubting her own ability to acquire a thorough education, she fully determined never to return if she failed in her object, or if Walter's love was so alienated as to hasten in using the freedom she offered him. The rest you know."

"Most excellent of friends, what do we not owe you?" said Walter. "May you see that all your care has not been lost, but that, instead of leading the aimless and useless lives we began, we may live as those who have an earnest mission to fulfill."

"Amen!" said the minister; and "amen!" responded every grateful heart present.

It is needless to add that the second union was more happy than the first, since the one was based on the qualities of mind and heart, the other the mere youthful admiration of personal beauty. Both had learned a painful lesson of its insufficiency to produce abiding joy, and of their own lack of the right sort of mental culture.

How beautiful is the memory of the dead! What a holy thing it is in the human heart, and what a chastening influence it sheds upon human life! How it subdues all the harshness that grows up within us in the daily intercourse with the world! How it melts our unkindness and softens our pride, kindling our deepest love and waking our highest aspirations! Is there one who has not some loved friend gone into the eternal world, with whom he delights to live again in memory? Does he not love to sit down in the hushed and tranquil hours of existence, and call around him the face, the form, so familiar and cherished—to look into the eye that mirrored not more clearly his own face than the soul which he loved—to listen to the tones which were once melody in his ear, and have echoed softly in his heart since they were hushed to his senses? Is there a spot to which heaven is not brought nearer by holding some kindred soul? How friend follows into the happy dwelling-place of the dead, till we find at length that they who love us on the heavenly shore are more than they who dwell among us! Every year witnesses the departure of some one whom we knew and loved; and when we recall the names of all who have been dear to us in life how many of them we see passed into that city which is imperishable! The blessed dead! How free from stain is our love for them! The earthly taint of our affections is buried with that which was corruptible, and the divine flame in its purity illumines our breasts. We have no fear of losing them. They are fixed for us eternally in the mansions prepared for our reunion. We shall find them waiting for us, in their garments of beauty. The glorious dead! how reverently we speak their names! Our hearts are sanctified by their words which we remember. How wise they have grown in the limitless fields of truth! How joyful they have become by undying fountains of pleasure! The immortal dead! How unchanging is their love for us! How tenderly they look down upon us, and how closely they surround our being! How earnestly they rebuke the evil of our lives. Let men talk pleasantly of the dead, as those who no longer suffer and are tried—as those who pursue no longer the fleeting, but have grasped and secured the real. With them the fear, the longing, the hope and the terror, and the pain—all are passed; the frustum of life has begun. How ankind, that when we put away their bodies, we should cease the utterance of their names! The tender-hearted dead, who so struggled in the parting of life, why should we speak of them in awe, and remember them only with sighing! Very dear were they when hand clasped hands, and heart responded to heart. Why are they less dear when they have grown worthy a higher love than ours, and their perfected souls might receive even our adoration? By the heart-side, and by the grave-side, in solitude and amid the multitude think cheerfully and speak of the Dead.

## WISCONSIN ROUTE.

Where do they get India rubber?  
So inquired a chubby looking girl one morning as she pulled on her rubbers, before going to school. And so, I dare say, many a reader of my magazine has asked. Here is an answer to the question:

The caoutchouc tree grows, in general, to the height of forty or fifty feet without branches; then branching, runs up fifteen feet higher. The leaf is about six inches long, thin, and shaped like that of a peach tree. The trees show their working by the number of knots or banches, made by tapping; and a singular fact is, that when most tapped, they give more milk or sap. As the time of operating is early day, before sunrise the tappers are at hand. The blacks are first sent through the forest, armed with a quantity of soft clay and a small pick-axe.

On coming to one of the trees, a portion of the clay is formed into a cup, and stuck to the trunk. The black then striking his pick over the end, the sap oozes out slowly, a tree giving out daily about a gill. The tapper continues in this way, tapping perhaps, fifty trees, when he returns, with a jar passing over the same ground, empties his cups.

So, by seven o'clock, the blacks come in with their jars, ready for working. The sap at this stage resembles milk in appearance, and somewhat in taste. It is also frequently drunk with perfect safety. If left standing now, it will curdle like milk, disengaging a watery substance like whey.

Shoemakers now arrange themselves to form the gum. Seated in the shade, with a large pan of milk on one side, and on the other a flagon, in which is burned a nut, peculiar to this country, emitting a dense smoke, the operator having his last, or form, held by a long stick or handle, previously besmeared with a soft clay (in order to slip off the shoe when finished), holds it over the pan, and pouring on the milk until it is covered, sets the coating in the smoke, then giving it a second coat, repeats the smoking; and so on with a third and a fourth, until the shoe is of the required thickness, averaging from six to twelve coats.

When finished the shoes on the forms day to drip. Next day, if required, they may be figured, being so soft that any impression will be indelibly received. The natives are very dexterous in this work. With a quill and a sharp-pointed stick they will produce finely-lined leaves and flowers, such as you may have seen on the shoes, in an incredibly short space of time.

After remaining on the forms two or three days, the shoes are cut open on the top, allowing the last to slip out. They are then tied together, ready for the market. There peddlers and Jews trade for them with merchants, who have them stuffed with straw, and packed in boxes to export. In the same manner any shape may be manufactured.

Thus toys are made of clay forms. After drying, the clay is broken and extracted. Bottles, &c., are made in the same way. According as the gum grows older, it becomes darker in color and more tough. The number of caoutchouc trees in the province is countless. In some parts whole forests exist, and they are frequently cut down for firewood.

Although the trees exist in Mexico and the East Indies, there appears to be no importation into this country from these places. The reason, we suppose, must be the want of that fruitfulness which is found in them here. The caoutchouc tree may be worked all the year; but generally, in the wet season, they have rest, owing to the flooded state of the woods; and the milk being watery, requires more trouble to manufacture the same article than in the dry season.—*Boys and Girls Mag.*

## EXCERPTS.

Reputation is the darling of human affections.  
Reprove mildly, and correct with caution.

Retirement is a prison to the soul, but a paradise to the wise.  
Rectitude of will is the greatest ornament of the mind.

Riches, though hard to be gained, are still more hard to be kept.  
Secrecy is the soul of all great affairs.  
Ready-money payments are the best promoters of frugality.

Seek not a good man's pedigree.  
Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure.  
Self-deceit is the easiest of any.  
Reform those things in thyself that you blame in others.

Remember that your thoughts, as well as deeds, are recorded in heaven.  
Small faults indulged, are like little thieves to let in greater.

Small griefs are loud, but great ones are mostly silent.  
Services and kindnesses neglected, make friendship suspected.

## Revolutionary Anecdotes.

At the siege of Yorktown, the 19th of October, 1781, blinds or breastworks were made of highboards and pipes filled with sand. There were four hundred American troops in a redoubt in which Hamilton and Knox were stationed. A general order had been given, that when a shell was seen coming, the troops might cry out "a shell!" but not to cry a shot, when a shot was seen. The reason of this distinction was, that a shell might be avoided, but to cry a shot would only make confusion, and do no good. This order was just then being discussed, Col. Hamilton remarking that it seemed to him unsoldierlike to hallow a shell, while Knox contended the contrary, and that the order was wisely given by General Washington, who cared for the life of the men. The argument, thus stated, was progressing with a slight degree of warmth, when suddenly "spat! spat!" two shells fell and struck within the redoubt. Instantly the cry broke out on all sides, "a shell!" and such a scrambling and jumping to reach the blinds and get behind them for defense. Knox and Hamilton were united in action, however differing in words, for both got behind the blinds, and Hamilton, to be yet more secure, held on behind Knox, (Knox being a very large man and Hamilton a small man). Upon this, Knox struggled to throw Hamilton off, and in the effort Knox himself rolled over and threw Hamilton off toward the shells. Hamilton however scrambled back again behind the blinds. All this was done rapidly, for in two minutes the shells burst, and threw their deadly missiles in all directions. It was now safe and soldierlike to stand out. "Now," said Knox, "now what do you think, Mr. Hamilton, about crying shell—but let me tell you not to make a breastwork of me again." On looking around and finding not a man hurt out of the more than four hundred, Knox exclaimed, "it is a miracle!"

## Hoodwinking the Pigeons.

Pigeons are much more injurious to the gardener and farmer than crows, or any other of the feathered animals. It is said that each pigeon eats its own weight of garden produce. A new device has been invented to hoodwink the pigeons. The boys and young men of Sussex follow a cruel and strange plan of thinning flocks of marauding pigeons. Going to a garden or field likely to be frequented by these animals for the sake of plunder, they stick into the ground small pieces of paper, twisted into the shape of a funnel, the pointed end being downward. Into each of these paper funnels they place a single pea.

The boys having left the ground, the pigeons soon arrive, and commence looking about for food; and, seeing peas ready, as they imagine, for the picking up, they pop their head into the funnel, which, sticking to them, they lift up, and immediately mount into the air, as if with a nightcap drawn over their eyes. Under such happy circumstances, they soar aloft in a perfectly straight line to the zenith, until lost to the eye of the beholder in the clouds. How far the poor creatures thus proceed into the heights of the atmosphere, it is impossible to conjecture. It is certain they continue their flight till nature is exhausted within them, and death relieves them from their misery. Down they then sink through the yielding air like a bullet; and so straight upward has been their course, that they generally fall within a few feet of the spot whence they took their flight. We do not remember of seeing this remarkable peculiarity in the flight of the hoodwinked pigeon noticed by naturalists.

## Lot's Wife and the Pillar of Salt.

A French savant, M. de Saucy, gives the following interpretation of the sacred narrative of Lot's wife having turned into a pillar of salt. There still remains on the plain of the burnt cities a compact mass of rock salt, the height of which varies, but never exceeds 100 yards. At the summit, the salt is covered over by a stratum of clay of a dirty white hue. The whole of the hill-side presents numerous fissures followed by the winter torrents, and the constant crumbling of the soil. At many points appear vast pyramidal columns of salt, one of which has no doubt been taken by Captain Lynch for the famous pillar into which Lot's wife was transformed. All the disconnected masses, and those which still adhere to the mountain, have their surfaces deeply furrowed and indented by the rains. And lastly, wherever the rock leans over, its lower part is hung with stalactites of salt. There is little doubt that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by a volcanic eruption of the mountain. At the moment when the huge mountain was heaved up volcanically, there must have been throughout its whole extent tremendous falls of detached masses, similar to those we have observed at every step. Lot's wife, having loitered behind, either through fright or curiosity, was most likely crushed by one of these descending fragments, and when Lot and his children turned round to look towards the place where she had stopped, they saw nothing but the salt rock which covered her body. The catastrophe may be explained in many ways; but having visited the spot, a bold opinion I have now advanced, notwithstanding the fact that it is not mentioned in the Bible, is not to be considered as a mere conjecture.







The war in Europe has fairly opened, as readers will observe by referring to the **foreign news**. The reports are not very gloomy, but we have enough to know that Turkey have made a gallant stand and in all their engagements with the Russians, they have been victorious. We now expect by every steamer to hear of new engagements and we look for a noble determined resistance on the part of the Turks, though it is hardly possible for them to effectually resist the legions of Russia in a protracted contest without the aid of France and England.

At **Tiverton, R. I.**, on Tuesday last, the dwelling house of Mr. Thomas King was forcibly entered by five or six men in the attempt to expell the owner, John Harding, a son of Thomas King, received several severe blows with a knife on various parts of his body. The recovery is doubtful.

On resolution to settle with J. O. Burdick  
Common Council and proprietors of Bathing Hut  
concurred by this Board and Ald. Hammett ad-  
vised to the committee appointed by Common Council  
Resignation of John Stevens on Committee  
Highways. Henry Caroff appointed to fill the  
vacancy, sent up and concurred.  
Adjourned to fortnight hence at 7 1/2 o'clock, P.

PAGE, in WASHINGTON, D.C., was a PRINCE  
MISS LAURA F. BERLINGHEIM, both of P.;  
BRADFORD CORBIN of Andover, Mass., of  
MANTRA Y. CHAFER, of P.  
In COVENTRY, 19th inst. PARKER LEWIS RAY  
Providence, to MISS SARAH J. FRANKLIN, of Bosc-  
In WATERBURY, 23d inst. LUTHER HAYES, of Chica-  
go, Ill., to Miss ANNIE E., eldest daughter of J.  
John R. Wheaton, of W.

Dec 3. WM H. PARKER,  
22 Thomas st.  
**VERMONT BUTTER**  
JUST RECEIVED a consignment of the abo-  
v article, in small packages for family use.  
S A PARKER,  
115 Thumme street.  
Dec 3.

**BOARD.**  
TWO YOUNG MEN (Carpenters would be p  
(arred) who have work on the hull of some  
part of the city, can hear of a place where th  
can be accommodated with good board, by app  
ing at **THIS OFFICE**  
Nov 22-1894

INDIAN MEAL, Bye meal, Seed meal, C  
band, Oats, Middlings and shorts, constant  
band, and first class wholemeal and rye  
June 18. I. H. & G. W. PERRY.

**Unbleached, Bleached and colored** Jaqu  
Diaper for table covers, at  
Nov 19. LINGLEY & NORMAN

**Walnut, Oak & Maple Wood.**  
THREE CASES just received and the  
one which represents sort of Walnut, be  
See 1. N. J. & W. J. & W. J.



